

BARRE DAILY TIMES

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Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1907.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

4,605

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

Some people are railroaded into of ice. Abe Hummel was motored into jail.

Are we to believe by the lack of prosecutions that the fishermen are respecting the short-trout requirement?

They have got to the point in New York city where they pay more for the land than they do for the building they erect on it.

It is now easily apparent why the New Hampshire men hesitated about taking Barre-Montpelier into their base ball league.

The Spanish people think that because the royal prince squealed when being christened it is a sign of long life for him. For a guess, we should predict many squalls and a short life for him.

Few men could work from 8 a. m. to 12 midnight, as President Roosevelt does, and live. The secret of his capacity to do so is found in the judicious exercises which he takes at intervals.

The Northfield News says: "To discriminate against her (the married woman teacher) is a palpable wrong, to draw it very mildly, and unworthy of the century in which we are living." On the same subject the Montpelier Journal thinks that the married woman knows more about the "training of children than the spinster or the unmarried. The St. Albans Messenger believes that quality of teaching is the desideratum rather than who teaches. Thus the state press runs on.

A LOCAL WARNING TO CHILDREN.

Without desiring to curtail the enjoyment of the younger generation in any way, The Times would like to suggest to them, to their elders and to anyone whose concern it is that the beautiful Burns memorial on the Spaulding school grounds is not the proper place for the scene of their amusement. This memorial has retained all its evenness of outline and purity of coloring during the several years that it has been standing there, and it would be a shame to have the piece of worked spoil in any way. Of course it is scarcely likely that children playing about and on the monument would do it fastening injury, but when they are permitted to clamber about it there is a possibility that a corner might be knocked off or a fine edge gashed through carelessness. So let the children confine their amusement to some other locality. In the same connection, The Times would like to say that the city hall park is not at the present time a good substitute for the grounds around the Burns memorial either. The grass and the appearance of this plot of ground have suffered this spring through the encroachments of the youngsters, the scattering of refuse, papers, and the like. If we are to keep this piece of property in presentable condition then there will be need to be more care exercised.

RIGHTS OF MERCHANTS ON SIDE WALKS.

The right of merchants to clutter up and obstruct the sidewalks in front of their stores has been in dispute in nearly every city or town big enough to have enterprising merchants. The question is now being debated in Rutland, where various merchants have been warned to remove their wares from the walks in front of their places of business. In reply, the merchants refuse, stating that the owners of the buildings where the stores are located also own part of the land which is covered by the walks. If this is the case then the city of Rutland threatens to resort to the right of eminent domain and condemn the prop-

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erty for sidewalk purposes. But if the city of Rutland should be found to be the owner of the land up to the buildings then the merchants have not a leg to stand on when they block the sidewalk with their wares and can be prohibited from so doing. If those merchants would look upon the position of a citizen who piles up a heap of sand in front of his residence, then, effectually closing half of the public way, he would see an analogy to his own position.

JINGLES AND JESTS

The Appetite.
"The appetite," said the physician, "is always a consideration of great importance."

"Yes," answered the man who is painfully economical. "If you have a poor one you worry about your health, and if you have a good one you worry about the expense."—Washington Star.

In Ignorance.
"Your husband seems to have an exalted opinion of you," remarked the bride's aunt. "He says you are his right hand."

"Yes," rejoined the young wife, with a sigh, "but he's one of those men who never let their right hand know what their left hand does."

Wrong Man.
"You understand," said the captain, "that we want a secretary who is thoroughly accustomed to managing men." "In that case," answered the applicant sadly, "I'm afraid it's not me you want, but my wife."

Money does all things. It makes honest men and knaves, fools and philosophers.—L'Estrange.

His Great Failing.
"He's a good friend of yours, isn't he?"
"Oh, only medium."
"What do you mean by medium?"
"Oh, he listens while I tell him all of my troubles, but he also wants me to listen while he tells me all of his."—London Telegraph.

A Good Deal Worse.
"I had to walk the floor all night with the baby. Can you think of anything worse than that?"
"Yes; you might have married out in Greenland, where the nights are six months long."

There is nothing commonplace which could not be made to appear humorous if quaintly expressed.—Goethe.

Antiquity of an Old Tune.
When Napoleon's army was in Egypt in 1799 and the band struck up the tune which in England is set to the song "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," its effect on the Bedouins was electrical. They leaped and shouted and embraced one another deliriously. They averred that they were listening to the oldest and most popular tune of their people. It is thought that the tune was brought to Europe from the dark continent in the eleventh century by the Crusaders.—St. James' Gazette.

Disqualified.
Although Mrs. Harlow loved her husband and admitted what she considered his good points, it was a never ending source of amazement to her that he had been chosen to fill the office of mayor for three successive terms.

"Everybody knows how much I think of James," she said in a dazed way to one of her husband's cousins. "I always said and always should say that he is as good as gold. But if you'll tell me whether you think a man who is color blind and who brings home toys that won't go when you wind them and who still thinks I could like olives if I'd only try is fit for such a position why, all I can say is I don't."—Youth's Companion.

The Surprise.
Grandma—Were you surprised to have me come and visit you? Johnny—Not so surprised as mamma was. Grandma—Why, she knew I was coming. Johnny—Yes; what she was surprised at was papa's language when she told him about it.—Cleveland Leader.

STRAY PICKINGS OF LOCAL INTEREST

How deeply "we the people" delight to take unto ourselves our prerogatives as "the people," the great rulers! This predilection takes form in various ways. At the last city meeting it took form in the act of squelching any person who was over-prominent in the discussion of the evening. The head of the over-prominent one was no sooner raised above the common herd than the rest of the crowd immediately swatted it with a humiliating motion. The man who dared was the man danced—afterwards. For once there was no respect for persons or prominent. All got it alike, and they were the common target as "Aunt Sally" is wont to be at every well-equipped picnic. There must have been a lot of "sore heads" from the vicious swatting they got.

In fact, the entire meeting was but a beautiful exemplification of that pleasant little song which runs something like this, "Waitz me around again, Willie, around, around, around," for the citizens waiting through mazes of parliamentary intricacies, ended up the verbal and auricular waitz just where they started, with nothing accomplished.

By the way, speaking of parliamentary practices, is a person entitled to vote who, after the moderator has called for a show of the "right hand" on a question, deliberately and with malice aforethought raises his left digit? A number of lazy or lame-thinking people persisted in raising their left arm like a left-handed goddess of liberty pointing her finger upward. Does it not disfranchise the voter? Will our parliamentarians please elucidate?

Carrying the thing one jot and half a little further (And we ask this with due solemnity) what is a man with nothing but a left hand going to do when the moderator deliberately snatches his vote out of his left hand by asking "all those who would vote so-and-so please raise their right hand?" For a fact, we one-armed veterans, we veterans of the saw-mill, we veterans of the great and glorious Fourth, are we going to be disfranchised because we do not happen to possess a right hand?

But to avoid the complication why not count the voters to stand up and be counted like men?

It pleased us immensely to see those "eco-seats" replaced on the city hall park. Now let the "ecoing" go on. Bless their hearts!

Hurry for the doctor! Warren wants him badly. Warren—we mean the town of that name—is about to lose its only physician (as we note from one of the excellent exchanges that come to the desk, as follows:

"The many friends of Dr. and Mrs. N. E. Avery regret to hear that they are to move in a short time to East Barre, where the doctor has purchased a practice. During the short time Dr. Avery's people have been here they have made many warm friends, who are sorry to have them go. For the past few years Warren has seemed to be a training school for young physicians. No fault is found with the skill of any of those who have been here, only with their short term of service. This is especially true in the present case. Dr. Avery having been unusually successful in his practice here. It is hoped that the time is not far distant when Warren may have a physician that she can call her own."

For doctor-less and pill-less Warren there is only one remedy. Get sick quick, as many of you Warrenites as possible, and then stay sick; so that even a young doctor grubbing for a living can find it. Surely if there's a field, there's a doctor to fill it.

Really now, you boys who are wearing the half blue and half gray of the Inter-city base ball uniforms, hold up a trifle. Don't discourage the New Hampshire team so that they will quit the field or take away our right to beat 'em by removing our franchise. There ought not to be a funeral in the league this soon.

From our humble standpoint, "Beef" Standish of Montpelier heaped coals of fire on the heads of the Barre police when he consented to admit a policeman to his automobile and thus run down a fugitive from justice. It was only last week that "Beef" got "pulled up" by the Barre police for too rapid locomotion and his case was still pending when a policeman hailed him and enlisted his services in a chase for a fleeing man. Like as if turning the other cheek, Standish obligingly took in the officer and away they went. Speed laws were for the present nullified, and the man was caught. Now this may not acquit the autoist but it brands him as an all-fired good-natured chap to this accommodation.

If attendance at city meetings is a mark of good citizenship then Steve Forsyth's bull-dog "Bryan" deserves to be called a good citizen. There's hardly a meeting that "Bryan" skips, and like his celebrated co-chatter of the name he takes quite a prominent part too. He at times shows his displeasure over unseemly demonstrations by a deep-throated growl. And "Bryan" has even gone so far as to show his disapproval of the butting in of other dogs by summary punishment then and there. If there was dog politics "Bryan" would be the "boss."

Rare, isn't it, that a man by the name of "Mr. Avis" (Latin for bird) should be delivering lectures on birds? But we more than suspect that the clear-skinned, black-haired lecturer who came to Barre last week to lecture on "Birds" took the name of "Avis" as a convenient pseudonym. At least, like the Missourians we would like to be shown.

A Chinese Idea of Foreigners.
The following is a quite modern Chinese conception of the foreigners' treatment of infectious cases: "If an epidemic broke out two foreigners took the sick away and put them in a little room, washed them with lime water and then locked them up so that no one could see them on purpose that they might soon die and not propagate the disease. Wives and children might cry and weep, but the foreigners would not drive them away with sticks, for until dead no one must see those faces again. Better for all of us to jump in to the sea than submit to this."—South China Post.

A Boy and a Thousand Dollars.

A New York judge gave his son \$1,000, telling him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of freshman year without a dollar and with several ugly habits. At the close of the vacation the judge told his son that he had done all he could for him. If he had wasted the money that was to have taken him through college, he might as well leave home and make his own way in the world. It was a rude awakening for the young man, but he knew that his father was right. And so strong was the good influence of his upright father that he did leave home to go to work in downright earnest. He went back to college, made his way through, graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became governor of the state of New York, entered the cabinet of the president of the United States and made a record for himself that the country will not willingly let die. It was William H. Seward.

The Worst of Education.

When the new and the old school meet, there is likely to be a clash of opinions, and so the miller, Brown, found the other day when Farmer Jackson sent his young son across to the mill with a sack of corn which he wished ground into meal. Like the miller, the mill was of the old, leisurely school, and only a tiny stream of meal trickled out. The young man waxed impatient.

"What a mill!" he said, with scorn. "Why, I could eat the meal quicker than this ramshead old concern of yours can grind it!"

"Aye," said Miller Brown, "but how long couldst keep it up, lad?"

"Till I starved!" was the trenchant answer.

And when Miller Brown had puzzled out the inwardness of the remark he concluded that India nowadays were "gettin' a power too sharp w' their tongues."—London Express.

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he is lonelier there than at home—nearly always so; and even more frequently he finds that riches do not grow on ten story walls.

BUT STILL HE GOES TO THE CITY.

In going there the boy simply follows his daddy's dollars. For years his daddy and his mother and his big sister and his Aunt Mary Ann have been mailing their money to the big city for Mail Order bargains.

Result: Home merchants don't thrive, grass grows in the streets, no jobs are to be had, no opening for a new business, and the young man goes to the city because it is a place where people have traded at home and built up their own community and provided opportunities for outsiders as well as for themselves.

IF YOU WANT TO KEEP YOUR BOY AT HOME BUILD UP YOUR TOWN SO THAT HE CAN BUILD UP HIS CAREER AMONG HIS HOME FOLKS.

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Infants' White Slips, very pretty, for 29c, 45c, 75c up to \$4.00 each.

Babies' Bonnets, new, only 25c, 39c, 50c up. See them.

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Children's Colored Dresses, best we ever had, 25c, 50c up.

We make a special of Children's Jersey Vests, Jersey Pants, Muslin Drawers and Muslin Skirts.

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Time has been when a Muslin Dress cost a good deal of work and worry before it was ready for the wearer, but those times are gone. We do the fretting now. All you have to do is to select the style you like and your troubles are over with one fitting. But if you insist on making or having made your Dress of White, why, there's no better place than here for the fabrics with our stock of French and Persian Lawns, Swisses, Batiste, India Linens and Mulls. Dresses, \$3.75 to \$25.00 each. Materials 10c a yard to \$1.00 a yard. Can't we show you both? Twenty-five new Dresses just arrived in Two-piece and Princess styles.

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Barre, Vt., May 15th, 1907.

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